

That 'twas with equal skill and pain,  
The barns were made to hold the grain.

*Such was the mighty change when man  
No more beyond his limits ran.*



*The LARK.*

**T**HE Lark, a bird politely bred,  
In plumage sleek, with tufted head,  
Builds humbly in the field her nest,  
Where the young brood in quiet rest;  
But fit for flight, and harvest near,  
Ere danger comes they disappear.

In